

THE WEEKLY UNION-C. H., SOUTH CAROLINA, APRIL 13, 1877.

VOL. IX.—NEW SERIES.

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A ROARING LION AT LARGE.

HE KILLS A \$2,000 YAK AND TASTES A MAN IN AUGUSTA, GA.

The Augusta Chronicle and Constitutionalist of yesterday says that the most intense excitement prevailed at the menagerie grounds about 4 o'clock Monday afternoon, caused by the escape of the large African lion "Emperor" while being transferred from one cage to another. A very large crowd of ladies and children had been admitted to see these ferocious beasts fed, which on Mondays are always more savage because they are never fed on Sundays. But in the afternoon there were no visitors present, and everything being ready the transfer began, and a number had changed quarters, when the cage for the lion was backed up to his temporary quarters for his turn. The door to the temporary affair was raised, and the lion very quietly walked in to his quarters and the door closed; but as the men at the tongue drew the wagon off the door of the cage was noticed to gently open.

Mr. L. M. Hodges was the first to discover this alarming state of things and instantly sprang forward to close it; but it was too late. Before he could reach it with his hands the lion's head appeared in the open door and out he sprang. Mr. Henry Barnum and Mr. Driscoll, the lion feeder, both met the lion and had narrow escapes. The lion did not go into the streets, but sought that part of the enclosure farthest from the gate, where a camel was looped. The lion walked down to where the camel was lying, and taking a squint at him, turned to his right into a dark place where a string of wild cat cages were arranged. But before he could select the daintiest cat, on his immediate right, he discovered a demure looking Tartar yak. No sooner had "Emperor" laid eyes on this yak than he bounded over the enclosure, about eight feet high, and alighted upon the back of the neck of the yak, burying his huge fangs deep into the flesh, crushing it to death.

While this was transpiring, of course the commotion among the fifty men on the ground was very great. While the lion lay with fangs deeply buried in the yak's neck, his eyes glaring, his tail defiantly whipping the air, and uttering the most terrible growl, a Mr. Baker, one of the circus employees, rushed in with a pitchfork, and, mounting the top of the enclosure, was preparing to tackle the lion alone and unaided. He had one of his legs thrown over the inside. The lion saw it and instantly made a spring, and seizing it buried his front teeth into the calf. At this juncture several men had followed Mr. Baker in, and seeing his perilous condition, seized him by the arms, head and shoulders, and by main force drew him from the lion's jaws.

After Mr. Baker's release the lion went back to a corner of the pen and sat down. How to get at him now was the question. It was certain death to enter the pen, and there was not a gun or pistol in the crowd. Quickly taking in the situation, Mr. W. M. Simpson, who has been with Mr. Barnum twenty years in the show business, procured a rope, and forming a "running noose," climbed to the top of the partition, and while the lion was in his sitting posture, head up and apparently contemplating the damage he had just done, Mr. Simpson lowered the rope and most dexterously got it around the lion's neck. Then throwing the other end over a beam, began to tighten the noose around the brute's neck. Another rope was fixed around his neck, and when all was ready, the men below tightened their rope, and about twenty of them began to "haul in" while the lion lay breathless within. He made but feeble resistance, and in a few moments was safely caged, more dead than alive. This animal is one of the largest of its kind in the United States, as well as the most intractable.

The yak was valued at \$2,000, and is one of only four in the United States. A number of ladies of the city have heretofore procured locks of its hair or wool, it being very fine and silky.

THE WONDERFUL TELEPHONE.—New York, April 4.—Professor Bell made an experiment with his telephone over the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company wires between Boston and New York, last night. The professor was in this city communicating with his assistants in Boston. The experiment was a great success. Everything said by the professor's assistants was plainly heard by those in attendance here, the conversation being carried on at the ordinary rate of talking. Professor Bell told his assistant to "Go ahead and play on the organ." The music came through plainly and distinctly, the operator sending a chord through at a time instead of having to send by the single note. The assistant then sang "Yankee Doodle," which was as plainly heard as if he had been only a few yards off. While in speaking his voice was just as distinct as though it was through a tube from the bottom to the top of the building. It is probable that arrangements will be made for utilizing the system in sending messages and press reports.

HAMPTON'S LAST LETTER TO HAYES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 31. To President R. B. Hayes.

SIR—The result of the conference to which you did me the honor to invite me has been to leave on my mind the conviction that you sincerely desire to see a peaceful and just settlement of the questions which are distracting our people, and injuring so seriously the material interests of our State, and I trust that you are equally convinced of my earnest wish to aid in accomplishing this happy end. As I may not have the pleasure of seeing you again on this subject, it may be proper to put before you, in the fullest and most definite form, the assurances given to you verbally.

I repeat, therefore, that if the Federal troops are withdrawn from the State House, there shall be, on my part or that of my friends, no resort to violence to assert our claims, but that we shall look for their maintenance simply to such peaceable remedies as the constitution and laws of the State provide. I shall use all of my authority to repress the use or the exhibition of force in the settlement of all disputed questions, and this authority shall be exercised in such a manner that the peace shall be preserved. We only desire the establishment in our State of a government which will secure to every citizen, the lowest as well as the highest, black as well as white, full and equal protection in the enjoyment of all his rights under the Constitution of the United States.

No one can be more deeply impressed than myself with the imperative necessity of establishing cordial relations between all classes and both races in South Carolina; for it is only by these means that the true and enduring welfare of the State can be secured. With the recognition of the perfect equality of every citizen before the law, with a just and impartial administration of the laws, with a practical and secure exercise of the right of suffrage, with a system of public education which will open the sources of knowledge to all classes, we may hope to see our State soon take the position to which she is entitled. It was the patriotic hope of every citizen, and the object of those who called me from my retirement to become a candidate for the office of Governor of South Carolina. It was through the confidence of the people of that State, that I would honestly and faithfully carry out all these purposes, that I was elected their Chief Magistrate, and I feel profoundly that peace can be surely preserved there and prosperity restored by our people, that the right of local self-government, so prominently brought forward in your inaugural and so favorably received by the whole country, is to be promptly carried out as the rule of your Administration. I anticipate the ready fulfillment of the just and reasonable hopes inspired by the announcement of the policy you have unfolded, a policy which found a responsive echo in every patriotic heart, as indicating a purpose to administer the government in the true spirit of the Constitution.

In conclusion permit me to assure you that I feel the strongest confidence that the wise and patriotic policy announced in your Inaugural will, as soon as it takes shape in action, produce such fruits that the whole country will enjoy the blessing of peace, prosperity and harmony. Thanking you, sir, for the courtesy you have extended to me, with my good wishes.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
WADE HAMPTON,
Governor of South Carolina.

ALL FOOLS DAY IN OHIO.—Cincinnati, April 1.—An unusual number of ingenious and successful hoaxes were perpetrated here to-day. Free excursions of various kinds were advertised, and drew hundreds of unsuspecting people from their homes, who could with difficulty be made to believe that they were "sold." Nearly the entire Board of Aldermen assembled at the Grand Hotel in the morning, in response to a printed invitation to join an excursion over the New Southern Railroad, including free lunch at Lexington, Ky., and general inspection of the line of the road. They waited a long time before they caught the idea. Two or three hundred people were hoaxed by a bogus free excursion train to look at suburban property. A hundred or two more assembled at a certain rendezvous to take a trip upon a steamer, which was found to have no wheel. Nearly all the undertakers in the city were victimized by telegrams directing them to meet and take charge of a corpse which would arrive at the Little Miami depot, on a certain train. Seven hearses and the undertakers' wagons astonished each other by arriving on the ground about the same time.

There are ten printers in the United States Senate. This alarming state of things should have a tendency to keep boys from learning the printing trade, but we fear they will not heed the warning.

When a young lady begins to look at the clock and keep up a steady fusillade of yawns it is time for the young man either to put on his hat or quit talking about the weather and come right down to business.

THE ELECTROSCOPE.

IS THIS MARVEL TO BE THE NEXT ACHIEVEMENT OF MODERN SCIENCE? TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: An eminent scientist of this city, whose name is withheld for the present, is said to be on the point of publishing a series of important discoveries, and exhibiting an instrument invented by him, by means of which objects or persons standing or moving in any part of the world may be instantaneously seen anywhere and by anybody. The utility of the electro-scope is undeniable, and if the invention proves successful it will supersede in a very short time the ordinary methods of telegraphic and telephonic communication. By means of the electro-scope

mechanisms will be able to transmit to any samples of them, to any customer supplied with the same instrument, whether in Liverpool, London, Paris, Berlin, Calcutta, Peking, San Francisco, or New Orleans.—Fugitive criminals plotted in the electro-scope can be instantly identified by the police authorities in any part of the globe. Mothers, husbands, and lovers will be enabled to glance at any time at the very persons of their absent children, wives, or beloved ones. Painters may retain their paintings simultaneously in all the galleries of Europe and America provided with the invention. Scholars are thus enabled to consult in their own rooms any rare and valuable work or manuscript in the British Museum, Louvre, or Vatican, by simply requesting the librarians to place the book, opened at the desired page, into this marvellous apparatus. The electro-scope will undoubtedly supersede the ordinary methods of telegraphy, as it matters very little how long or how short may be the message transmitted by it; not to speak of the advantage of being able to read when desired, the original despatch in the handwriting of the sender.

And further, in case the telephone, the new instrument for carrying musical sounds, should succeed also in transmitting ordinary conversations, a combination of the electro-scope and telephone will be made which will permit people, not only actually to converse with each other, no matter how far they are apart, but also to look into each other's eyes, and watch their every mien, expression, gesture and motion, while in the electro-scope. Both telephone and electro-scope applied on a large scale would render it possible to represent at one time on a hundred stages in various parts of the world the opera or play sung or acted in any given theatre. The actors and singers will present, of course, a certain unusual appearance, when viewed through a glass lens, but this, however, will not always prove really unpleasant to the audience.

The invention is based, as far as known, on the principle of transmitting the waves of light given out by objects, in a manner similar to the transmission of sound waves by the telephone. Everybody knows that the sensations of color which we perceive are due to the varying strength and rapidity of the undulations of light emanating from the objects we look upon. Now, the electro-scope consists, to all outward appearance, of two empty boxes, or rooms, according to the size required. One of the compartments is the transmitter, the other the receiver. In both compartments one side or wall presents the ends of a multitude of quasi-electric wires of a peculiar make and consistency. Each of these innumerable wires transmits with the utmost accuracy the faintest and strongest undulations of every delicate or heavy wave of color that strikes it horizontally from some object or person opposite to it. Thus many thousands of wires of the thickness of a line carry conjointly the undulations of color emanating from a painting less than a foot square. The wires are twisted outside of the instrument into a cable, which may be extended to its destination above or below ground, or through the water. On entering the receiver the cable is untwisted, and each tiny wire is made to occupy again its proper position in the side or wall of the compartment. The box, or room, acting as the receiver, differs from the transmitter in being constantly kept filled with a newly discovered gas, a sort of magnetic-electric ether, in which the currents of light or color become resplendent again, and by means of which the objects or persons present at the time in the transmitter are reflected as accurately as in a mirror.—ELECTRICIAN, in N. Y. Sun.

THE ELLENTON CASES.—A number of letters have been received at this office, asking what disposition is to be made of the Ellenton cases—parties indicted being anxious to know when to come to the city. In answer to these inquiries, Acting District Attorney Wm. Stone, states that the Ellenton riot cases will not come up for trial at the present term of the court, but will be postponed until the May term of the court, when Chief Justice Waite will hold court in this city. He states further that all the cases will not be prosecuted, only those considered the most flagrant in the opinion of the District Attorney. It is very probable, however, (and this does not come from Mr. Stone), that the whole prosecution which was, of course, intended for political effect, will be quietly dropped.—Journal of Commerce.

A POPULAR DELUSION.—It is an error to suppose that a man belongs to himself. No man does. He belongs to his wife, or his relations; or his creditors, or to society in some form or other.—It is for their their especial good and behalf that he lives and works; and they kindly allow him to retain a percentage of his gains to administer to his own pleasure or wants. He has his body, and that is all; and even for that he is answerable to society. In short, society in the master, and man is the servant; and it is entirely as society, proves a good or a bad master, whether the man turns out a good or bad servant.

BETTER DAYS TO COME.

The heart may band with weight of woe,
And all the world look drear,
With nothing bright to cheer;
Yet in the bosom ever dwells,
Though all things else are dumb,
A low, sweet voice, that whispering tells
Of better days to come.

Though mortal ill may to us eling,
Foul wrong may avenge right;
Within the soul be fostering
Some hurt it hides from sight;
Still lit by a celestial spark
That glows through gloom profound,
Hope's signal guides us in the dark
Till brighter scenes are found.

There is no evil that can stay
The faith beyond the grave;
The spirit dare not brave;
And, come what will to stay its wings,
That seek a better home,
Within its depths the sweet voice sings
Of deathless days to come.

A MORMON MURDER ORDER.
As part of the history of the Mountain Meadows massacre, and as indicating the guilt of Brigham Young in connection therewith, the following order, with three affidavits authenticating it, found among the papers of the late Judge Titus, of Arizona, and formerly chief justice of Utah, is published:
Special Order.—SALT LAKE CITY, April 19, 1857.—The officer in command of the escort hereby ordered to see that every man is well prepared with ammunition, and to have it ready at the time you see these teamsters a hundred miles from the settlement. President Young advises that they should be killed on their way to the settlement. Every precaution should be taken, and see that not one escapes. Secrecy is required. By order of Gen. Daniel H. Wells.

JAMES FERGUSON,
Assistant Adjutant General.

A dispatch from San Francisco last night gives the following new phase to the above: Agent Lemar, living in San Francisco, formerly a resident of Salt Lake, says he had the above document at one time in his possession, and had no doubt of its genuineness. It referred, however, to some eighty men who had been teamsters in the army, sent to Utah under Col. Albert Sidney Johnston to escort the new Governor, who replaced Brigham Young in 1857. An early fall of snow forced Col. Johnston and his troops to winter at Fort Bridger, 120 miles east of Salt Lake, and as the Mormon troops, under Lieutenant Governor D. H. Wells, had burned up two trains of supplies for the winter, the general was forced to put the soldiers upon short rations, and in the early spring of '58 these teamsters were discharged from service. They preferred to go West, and started for California. They believed that as non-combatants they would be permitted to pass through Utah unmolested, but as soon as the teamsters came over the mountain and entered Echo canyon they were taken prisoners and subject to martial law, proclaimed some months ago by Gov. Brigham Young. A gentleman who was then among the Mormons in Echo canyon and now residing in this city saw a small division of eight or ten of these teamsters under Mormon escort on their way westward. The Mormon military authorities thought it prudent to divide the teamsters into small squads, no doubt thinking their purpose could be easier accomplished than if they had been kept together in such a body.—The Mormons deny that such a massacre ever occurred or that such an order was ever given. Those who had given the subject attention have no doubt the order was issued and the work accomplished.

THE HORNS OF THE DILEMMA.—If Mr. Hayes can read the following well-told story without understanding his duty as to Louisiana and South Carolina, he may be set down as incorrigible:
Does Mr. Hayes recollect how Henry Clay, when he was in Washington, once had some fun with a goat? No? Then we will tell him: Mr. Clay observed a knot of street Arabs, on pleasurable thoughts intent, gathering around a goat that was dozing in the sun and rolling an old boot like a sweet morsel under his tongue. "What's up, boys?" he said, affably. "We're a-going to have some fun with the goat," replied the urchins. The great Whig statesman looked up and down the street; no one was in sight. He loved fun, but he had never enjoyed it in connection with a goat. "Boys," said he, "I believe I will have a little fun with the goat too. How do you get it out of him?" "Grab him by the horns," explained a boy; and with the divine confidence of Robinson Crusoe or a Mason of the thirty-third degree, Mr. Clay seized the goat. It was a powerful goat, with an abiding love of liberty, and it was pretty doubtful for a while whether the goat's horns would come off or Mr. Clay's arms be torn out of their sockets.—"Boys," panted Mr. Clay, "boys—what—do I—do next?" "Do next?" replied the boys, taking refuge behind lamp-posts, ash-barrels and similar fortresses, "why, let go of them horns and run like blazes?" Mr. Hayes' dilemma has got two horns, like the goat. He had better let go of them both and "run like blazes."

HEAD WASH.—Sage tea is one of the very best washings and dressings for the hair.—The hair should be carefully brushed and braided in two firm braids, then the roots rubbed with a sponge dipped in lukewarm sage tea, after which the braids can be washed and dried with a towel. This preserves the color of the hair and keeps the scalp clean.

A modest young lady desiring a leg of chicken at the table, said: "I'll take the part that ought to be dressed in drawers!" A young gentleman opposite immediately said: "I'll take the part which ought to wear a bustle." Hartshorn was immediately administered to the lady.

GRANT DECLINING LEE'S SWORD A MYTH.

Editors Richmond Dispatch:—I am sorry that you allowed to pass unchallenged the item in your paper from the Bangor (Me.) Why about Grant's magnanimity in declining to receive Lee's sword, &c.

Several years ago you published a letter from your correspondent "Viator," giving Gen. Lee's own account of the surrender, in which he denied most emphatically that he ever tendered his sword to General Grant, or had any idea of doing so. In "Personal Reminiscences of Lee" there is also a full statement of General Lee's own account of the surrender, the following extract from which settles the question: "General Lee said that when he met General Grant they exchanged polite salutations, and he stated to him at once that he desired a conference in reference to the subject-matter of their correspondence. General Grant returned you your sword, did he not, General?" one of the company asked. The old hero, straightening himself up, replied in most emphatic tones: "No, sir! he did not.—He had no opportunity of doing so. I was determined that the side-arms of officers should be exempt by the terms of the surrender, and of course I did not offer him mine. All that was said about swords was that General Grant apologized to me for not wearing his own sword, saying that it had gone off in his baggage, and he had been unable to get it in time." This spoils a great deal of rhetoric about Grant's magnanimity in returning Lee's sword, and renders as absurd as it is false the attempt of Northern artists to put the scene on canvas or into stone. The "historic scene" will not save it when the world knows that R. E. Lee said that nothing of the sort occurred." [Reminiscences of Lee, pp. 303-304.] The sword scene, the "historic apple tree," &c., are mere inventions of army correspondents, which so please the fancy of the "saviors of the Union" that they are being constantly repeated.

Grant's terms to Lee were magnanimous; but he knew full well that they were the only terms which Lee would have accepted.

THE GRASSES IN NORTH CAROLINA.—We are pleased to notice that there is a growing attention to grasses in this section. Mr. J. W. Wadsworth has 50 acres in grass and says that he would not take \$100 per acre for it. We have made some inquiries among dealers and find that the sales this year are unusually large. One Grass has sold 150 bushels of Orchard Grass; 70 bushels of Clover; 20 of Kentucky Blue Grass; 20 of English Blue Grass; 20 bushels of Red Top and 50 of German Millet. Another Grass has sold 50 bushels of all kinds.—A third has sold 125 bushels of Orchard Grass; 100 of Clover; 40 of German Millet and 10 of other grasses. We do not know what other dealers have done. These are but small beginnings, but indicate that interest has been awakened. Under the stock law, more attention must be paid to improved breeds of horses, cattle, sheep, &c. This section is well adapted to the growth of the grasses and nothing has been in the way of this culture, but the everlasting cotton.—Southern Home.

DEATH OF BILL ARP.—From the Fort Worth (Texas) Daily Democrat we clip the following item: "Bill Arp, late of Georgia, the man who furnished the witticisms and odd sayings, which Charles H. Smith prepared and published some years ago, was accidentally killed near this place (Deatur, Texas), Monday, March 5th. He fell from a wagon loaded with corn, the wheels passing over his neck, killing him instantly.—When he left home in the morning he told his family he would never again be permitted to enter the house alive; and, strange to say, he was within fifty yards of the house, on his return, when the sad accident occurred, which terminated so fatally. He was a remarkable man; perfectly illiterate, but replete with original ideas and witty sayings. He rarely ever spoke without saying something pithy.

The Southern Christian Advocate of a recent date devotes a portion of its editorial space to the indecencies of the secular press. The moving cause of the Christian Advocate's remarks was the appearance of two head-lines, "Jerked to Jesus" and "Hemped to Heaven"—the former in a Western paper and the latter in the Atlanta Constitution, both being over descriptions of executions. It is one of the functions of the press to be an exponent and guardian of public morals, and it is certainly a criminal misuse of a great power to thus set examples of gross blasphemy and irreverence. The sacrifice of decency and morality to attempts at wit is a growing evil of the press. Only persons of deba ed minds can enjoy such gross breaches of good morals and good taste. We appeal to our contemporaries to fight this demoralizing innovation in journalism as they would fight any other plague.

"The Atheist's laugh's a poor exchange For Deity offended."

A Washington telegram relates that at an interview between Hayes and Hampton the former called the latter's attention to the very large Democratic vote in Edgefield County, as compared with former years, and said to the Governor: "This is hardly to be accounted for by an increase of population," and asked him how he could account for it. Hampton replied: "You forget, sir, that at ten polling places in this county a large number of soldiers were stationed, and I understood that they all voted for me." This amused Mr. Hayes, who laughed very heartily and said: "Well, if the soldiers have got to going for you, it ought to settle the case."

Laughing may make a man fat, but you have got to mix it mightily with meat and bread and a quiet conscience, if you get it to stick.

USEFUL RECIPES.

PRESSED CHICKEN.—Boil a chicken thoroughly; skin it, and pick it to pieces; season with salt and pepper; put in a bag, and place it under a press; let it remain over night, and next day it will be ready for use.

ONIONS.—In cooking onions, cream or milk not only adds much to this unusually liked vegetable, but it will remove in a great degree the unpleasant flavor, which is apt to be left in the breath of those who eat freely of them.

BAKED SPONGE PUDDING.—Three eggs beaten very light; their weight in butter, in sugar and in flour. This quantity makes four large cups. Fill the cups half full; bake in a moderate oven ten minutes, being very careful not to scorch. To be eaten with cream sauce.

CHOLERA MORBUS.—To cure cholera morbus, mix two tablespoonfuls of wheat flour with just water enough to moisten the flour; drink it. If the first dose does not check pain or the purging, repeat the dose in half an hour. Severe cases sometimes require a third dose.

FROST CAKE.—One cup of sugar, two even tablespoonfuls of butter, seven teaspoonfuls of milk, yolks of four eggs, one and two-thirds cups of flour; one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar; bake in layers and put frosting between.

FRENCH ROLLS.—One pint of milk, one small cup of home-made yeast, and flour enough to make a stiff dough. Roll out one tablespoonful of butter, and flour enough to make it stiff to roll. Mix it well and let it raise, then knead it again, roll out, cut with a biscuit cutter, fold over. Set them in a warm place until very light; bake quickly.

NO MORE TROOPS.—New York, April 4.—The World says there was no excuse for Mr. Hayes' delay in withdrawing the troops from South Carolina. But now that he has decided to do so there is no probability that they will ever return to carry elections for the dominant party. The editor says: "They, the Republicans, have carried their last election by the bayonet, and when the troops are withdrawn from South Carolina they will be withdrawn once for all until South Carolina asks for them.—That will not be very soon, as these troops will leave peace and home rule behind them, and as the Federal Executive will look in vain for any constitutional excuse for again letting slip the dogs of war. The Executive will not be permitted to let them slip on any other excuse. The course of Mr. Hayes, as Radicals now see, is a fresh confession that the reconstruction policy of the Republican party has utterly failed. It is a virtual surrender to the Democracy.

THE HENPECKED MAN.—The henpecked man is not generally married; but there are instances on the record of single men being harassed by the pullets.

You can always tell one of these kind of men, especially if they are in the company of their wives. They looked as resigned to their fate as a hen turkey in a wet day.

Their ain't nothing that will take the starch out of a man like being pecked by a woman. It is wuss than a seven months' of the fever and agy. The wives of the henpecked husbands most always out liv their victims, and I have known them to get married agin, and git hold of a man that time (thank the Lord!) who understood all the henpeck dodges.

One of these kind of husbands iz an honor to his sex. The henpecked man, when he gits out amongst men, puts on an air of bravery and defiance, and once in a while will git a little drunk and then go home with a firm resolve that he will be captain of his household; but the old woman soon takes the glory out of him, and handles him just as she would a half grown chicken, who had fell into a swill barrel, and had to be jerked out awful quick.—Josh Billings.

It was a Danville man who took a sensible view of the matter. He returned to his room at the Arlington and found his friend walking the floor in perfect despair. "What in the world is the matter?" he asked. "O, I can't not a note to-day; the bank will put its foot on me," and he paced the room with a requickered step. "Look here, Bob," said the Danvillian, "the world don't expect you to bear all this trouble by yourself. You've walked enough. It's the other fellow's time now, the man that holds the note. It's his time to walk some." Bob sat down and rested.

The following is the answer to a letter written by the junior partner of a firm known as Berry & Bro., containing a bill sent by a correspondent:

You've made a "null" Berry,
In sending me your bill Berry,
Before it was due Berry,
You may think me a goose Berry,
And had it been the elder Berry,
I shouldn't care a straw Berry,
I should like to beat you blue Berry,
And make your eyes black Berry.

WATER-PROOF BLACKING.—The following receipt for making a water-proof blacking comes to us highly recommended: Dissolve an ounce of borax in water, and in this dissolve gum-shellac until it is the consistency of thin paste; add lampblack to color. This makes a cheap and excellent blacking for boots, giving them the polish of new leather. The shellac makes the boots or shoes almost entirely water-proof. Camphor dissolved in alcohol, added to the blacking, makes the leather more pliable and keeps it from cracking. This is sold at 50 cents for a small bottle. By making it yourself \$1 will buy materials for a gallon.